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THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1843.

No. 5.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- April 2. Passion Sunday.
3. Monday, S. Francis of Paula C. from yesterday.
4. Tuesday, S. Isidore, Bishop Confessor and Doctor of the Church.
5. Wednesday, S. Vincent Ferrer, conf.
6. Thursday, S. Sixtus I. Pope and Mart.
7. Friday, The Seven Dolours of the B. V. Mary.
8. Saturday, S. Celestine I., Pope and Confessor from yesterday.

Lent.

PASSION WEEK.

The next Sunday will be Passion Sunday. The more precious days of Lent now commence. The sorrows of the Church become more deep as the Passion and Death of her Spouse are now beginning. Her sighs are more profound, her prayers more earnest, her grief more apparent. The sacred sign of Faith, the emblems of Redemption, the images and pictures of the friends of God, her sainted children are covered with mourning veils, and that venerable Doxology—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"—which for so many hundred years has resounded through her Temples, is now heard no more. All these solemn preparations are intended to remind her children that she is about to bewail the death of a God! She has en-

deavoured, during the preceding portion of Lent, to purify their souls by fasting, alms-deeds, meditation, and prayer. She knew that she could not invite them to Calvary to witness the bloody spectacle there, and to assist at the death of Jesus, crucified for sin, if they were still laden with those crimes which nailed him to the cross, and transpierced his most loving Heart. She has therefore exhorted them to plunge their guilty souls in the fountains of mercy, to wash them in the blood of the Saviour, to cleanse them by the precious tears of heartfelt sorrow, and thus restore them to the *second innocence*, the innocence of Penance! And now when she deems them sufficiently prepared, she clothes herself in her deepest mourning, she proposes for their consideration the great mystery of Infinite Love, the glorious standard of the Cross, beneath whose sacred shade she stands in agony like the pure and blessed Mary his mother in the flesh, and cries aloud: *O al! you that pass by the way, attend and see; is there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!*

And that the whole world may understand the cause of her intense grief, her Ministers on this day and through-

out the Passiontide chaunt in mournful strains—

Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium!

Behold the Royal Standard of the King of Kings is unfurled—the mystery of the Cross shines forth resplendent! of the Cross on which the Author of Life endured the pangs of Death, and by that cruel death restored new life to the world! See, where the direful lance has penetrated his side; a torrent of blood gushes forth, mingled with water, to wash away our crimes! Now the prophetic words of the Royal David, the sweet singer of Israel, are accomplished! He proclaimed to the nations that from a Tree a God should reign. Jesus, the true God of true God is exalted on the word of the Cross, and reigns there, the sovereign king of Hearts, for with outstretched arms he attracts the whole world to his affectionate embraces! O Beauteous Tree! resplendent wood! empurpled with royal blood! endowed with noble privileges, chosen amongst all others, and accounted worthy to touch and bear those hallowed members of a dying God! Thrice-blessed Cross, upon whose arms hung the World's ransom, for upon Thee, as if the scales of justice between Heaven and Hell, the prince of sin was weighed in the body of a God, and the jaws of Hell are

ferced to disgorge their spoils. Therefore we salute thee with

O Crux Ave, spes Unica
Hoc passionis tempore!

All hail! O Cross, our only hope at this mournful season of the Passion! Increase the justice of the righteous and blot out the crimes of the wicked.

O lovely tree, whose branches wore
The royal purple of His gore!
How glorious does thy substance shine,
Supporting members so divine!

The world's blest balance thou wast made,
Thy happy beam its purchase weigh'd,
And bore His limbs who snatch'd away
Devouring Hell's expected prey.

Hail Cross, our hope! to thee we call
Amidst this mourning festival;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface!

On the Friday in Passion Week, too, the Church celebrates the Festival of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, and expresses the sorrows of God's afflicted Mother in that touching and melancholy plaint the

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA,
which no truly Christian heart ever yet heard unmoved,—

Close by the ever hallowed cross that bore
The blessing Son, the afflicted Mother stood,
While pangs on pangs her bosom tore,
And grief pour'd forth an agonizing flood.
No pause, no respite, her affliction knew.
For her, fell anguish edg'd its keenest dart,
She groan'd, she sigh'd, at every breath he drew,
The sword of sorrow pierc'd her to the heart.

Alas! alas! what deep, what poignant grief
Felt the fond Mother of her only born,
In that sad hour, when sunk beyond relief,
She view'd the sufferings of her Son forlorn!
Her trembling frame with fear and horror
shook,

At every wound she writh'd with deadly pain,
Her piteous eye express'd in every look
Her woes too big for nature to sustain.

Ah! say what mortal could unmov'd behold
Christ's sweetest Mother thus with grief oppress'd?

Who would not weep to see the tears that
roll'd

Amid the storm that heav'd her sacred breast?
Who could the burst of pious grief restrain,
To view her tender sympathizing eye
Speak all the anguish of his bitter pain,
And hear her answer to each groan and sigh?

In expiation of our guilty race,
Her Son she saw with cruel wounds assail'd,
She saw him scourg'd, while blood ran down
space,

Through hands and feet she saw sweet Jesus
naïf'd;

She heard him breathe his last sad parting
sigh,

A sound that harrowed up her soul anew,
She saw him close his godlike beaming eye,
And saw the spear send forth the heav'nly dew

Fond Mother! thou whose love was love indeed!

Oh! give me by one sweet resistless pray'r,
Whilst meditation sees thy Jesus bleed,
In thy vast agony of grief to share!
Give me in loving Christ, my God, my all,
To feed the ever-glowing sacred flame!
And whilst unwearied at his shrine I fall,
To make his love my sole, my glorious aim!

O holiest Mother of my God, fix deep
Within my breast the cruel wounds he bore;
O let my soul the sacred furrows keep,
And sink them deeply ever more and more!

Let thy sweet Son my every-thought possess;
His wounds be ever present to my sight!
O let me make his cruel burthen less,
Whilst suffering with him is my sole delight!
To weep true tears of anguish from my soul,
Such as thy sorrow once was seen to pour;
And with my crucified dear Lord condole,
Is the sole grace my vows and sighs implore!
Yes! this sole favour let thy bounty give,
Close by the cross with thee to take my stand!
And feel new sorrow every day I live,
Whilst contemplation treads the sacred land!

O Virgin, high above all virgin's crown'd,
Spurn not the suppliant that now breathes a
pray'r;

Give me to shed my tears in every wound,
And all his pangs with thee in thought to bear
Day after day, each night, its silent hour,
Christ's death be still my mind's eternal food!
Let grief still pour the unexhausted shower,
Fed with his wounds, his sighs, his groans, his
blood!

Oh! could I feel sore wounded with his wounds!

Oh! could his cross inebriate my soul!

By that sweet love for him that knows no bounds
And those fond thoughts that in my bosom roll!
With love of Him let my wrapt senses glow;
Let the sweet flame dissolve, consume my heart!
And when I hear the last loud trumpet-blow,
To him who lov'd thy Son thy aid impart!

O be my guard the shadow of his cross! in
Christ's death be my strong bulwark and
fence:

Let not my soul e'er know the deadly loss,
Of grace procured me at his blood's expense,
And oh! when Death o'er casts its mournful
gloom,

Extinguishing this body's vital heat,
In the bright regions of eternal bloom
May my glad soul its great Redeemer meet!
Amen.

Stations for Lent.

FIFTH STATION.

TO THE HOLY ANGELS.

The author of the Epistle attributed to St. Barnabas says that there are in this world two ways; THAT OF DARKNESS over which the devils preside and the WAY OF LIGHT in which the Holy Angels are the guides. This thought contained in the most ancient monument of ecclesiastical history is most conformable to the whole doctrine of the scriptures and inspires me with a great confidence in the protection of the holy angels, I cannot think of the way OF DARKNESS in which the devils lead so many souls astray without being seized with fear and touched with compassion. O how broad is this way! How it is filled with men of every state, of every age, of every profession, of every character. That which is shown me by the holy angels is a narrow way and little frequented. This is not the fault of those holy guides. They are zealous for our salvation and never abandon us until the moment eternity begins. We afflict them when we fail to profit by their care of us: we are inexcusable when we do not implore their assistance.

O angels of the Lord! I present myself at the entrance of these two ways; the one guarded by the powers of darkness, the other pointed out by you to all children of God. I make no hesitation in my choice of these two roads; I wish to enter upon that which you point out, but I enter upon it with my weaknesses, my passions, my ignorance, my stupidity. O celestial intelligences, who unceasingly burn with divine love! you know well that my heart is not inflamed with those holy ardours which penetrate you: and nevertheless it is by love I must be sustained in the career of salvation; obtain for me a spark of that ineffable charity which gives wings to

fervent souls. You have combatted the infernal regions and you have overcome them. You remain in possession of light, whilst the only advantage they have derived from their revolt is the necessity of being for ever in darkness. Ah! how I desire to be united to you in that region which is for ever illuminated with the splendour of God and of the divine Lamb that was slain for me! Beg of Jesus Christ who is essential light, a ray of his all powerful grace, of that grace which enlightens the spirit, and moves the heart; which strengthens faith, sustains hope and continually feeds the flame of charity. Take me this day under your protection and share with me the dangers of the journey on which it is so easy and so dangerous to fall. Angels of the Eternal, do not abandon me, grievous sinner though I am; contend for me against the enemy of my salvation, and at the moment of my death receive my soul and transplant it into the bosom of life which is Jesus Christ who lives and reigns for ever and ever. Amen.

SIXTH STATION.

TO THE SAINTS.

The saints have prayed on earth for their fellow creatures. It would be absurd to say that in glory they pray for them no longer. The Church militant has always placed confidence in their intercession; and the honour which we pay them at this day is nothing in comparison to what they received from the primitive Church. None, therefore, but the spirit of error could have sought to deprive us of this holy practice. I revere it with a lively sentiment of joy, confidence, and consolation. I address myself to you, O holy friends of God, and I lay before you my necessities and

my vows. You reign in glory, after having combated on earth I am still fighting, but with much less courage than you. It is this courage, this zeal for my salvation which I desire, and which I ask of Jesus Christ our Lord, through your powerful intercession. Those amongst you whose history I have read, have inspired me with a holy emulation, because I have there seen that in frail bodies, and in the midst of the dangers of the world, they have made an excellent use of grace and of time. Those of whose particular actions I am ignorant, did not appear to me less worthy of admiration. They have sanctified themselves in silence; they have concealed from the eyes of men the treasures of grace which they possessed. Everything in you is an instruction and example to me, O holy inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem! Look upon me with a propitious eye; offer in my behalf, your merits, which are the gifts of Jesus Christ; this divine Saviour cannot but acknowledge them. Protect me by your prayers against the enemies of my salvation. Those who enjoyed eternal bliss before you, did not abandon you; they were your friends and your intercessors. Perform the same function in my regard, O holy patriarchs, O holy Prophets, O holy Apostles, O holy Martyrs, O holy Confessors, O holy Virgins, in order that I may one day share in your happiness. Amen.

From St. Vincent of Paul.

Spiritual Maxims.

APRIL.

1.

When there is question of accomplishing the will of God, we should spare no expense nor fatigue, nor our life itself.

2.

Generally speaking the works of God are accomplished by degrees. They have their beginning and progress. We should not therefore attempt to do every thing at once, nor give up any thing as lost, because it requires some pains to succeed in it. We should proceed step by step, and address frequent prayers to God.

3.

God has no need of learned men for the success of his works. On the contrary he more frequently chooses simple men, like the Apostles, for the conversion of the world.

4.

He that receives with impatience correction and reproof is in a deplorable state, and far removed from that of the Saints, who humbled themselves in the eyes of men, and who were delighted when they were told of any little defects that still remained in them.

5.

A superior should be very careful to assist and deliver those who are afflicted with interior sufferings or temptations, and if he finds any opportunity, and in them he should endeavour to deliver them by meek and humble means.

6.

It often happens that a man who has an affection for his friends and love any one of his friends and labour for the salvation of himself and of his friends and when engaged only for himself of envy for the promotion, neglects and forgets a sin directly genuine zeal.

he is occupied with the salvation of others. Saul was worthy of being a king as long as he remained under his father's roof; but when placed on the throne he unhappily lost the grace of God.

7.

Sickness purifies the soul; it is a powerful means of recalling those who have abandoned virtue. It opens to the patient a wide field for the practice of faith, hope, resignation to God's will, and all other virtues.

8.

We may judge of our advancement in a spiritual life by the progress we make in mortification.

9.

It is the peculiar province of prudence to regulate our words and actions. It teaches us to speak with suitable circumspection, and in the manner which the circumstances of time, place and person require. It forbids all discourse against God or our neighbour, every word which can flatter our vanity, or which may be spoken for an unworthy purpose.

10.

It is a very subtle scheme of the devil to inspire us with a taste for hearing God's voice, and at the same time of taking pleasure in this desire. The devil poisons those who let him into their hearts under this pretext.

11.

But the love of faith makes us discover ourselves, my dear true likeness of the Son of God. O was not content with being our Father, but also wished to be called our Father, and father of the Holy Spirit: and never

12.

must be sustained; obtain it; be glorified, it little ineffable charity it is by means of this

or that person. If God shall ever grant us the favour of being in heaven we will see that under the reign of perfect charity there will be no mine nor thine.

13.

The best preparation for death consists in an entire resignation to the will of God after the example of Jesus Christ who at his prayer in the garden of Olives prepared himself for it by repeating these words, Father, let not my will but thine be done!

14.

We should do every thing for God's sake, without seeking the esteem of men or calculating on their applause.

15.

Sermons and instructions ought to be in a simple and familiar style like the instructions of our Saviour. This adorable Master could well explain the Divine mysteries, in language proportioned to their sublimity as he was the Word and the Wisdom of God the Father. Nevertheless he only used very common expressions and comparisons suited to the capacity of the people, to give us a perfect model of the way in which we should announce his heavenly doctrine.

16.

A superior should like to be admonished of faults, and should be persuaded that in the place he occupies, he is liable to commit them both as a superior and a Christian.

17.

We should be always anxious to succour our benefactors in their wants, and consider it a blessing to make ourselves poor in order to comfort those who have done us good, being assured that on a similar occasion the goodness of God will not fail to assist ourselves, and that we should never be in want of anything.

18.

The poorer we are, the more confidence we should repose in Divine Providence to whom we should abandon ourselves entirely both in temporal and spiritual wants.

19.

The sinner that profoundly humbles himself becomes a just man. On the contrary a man of angelic innocence, and adorned with the rarest virtues to the most eminent degree, becomes like a reprobate if he has not humility, because all the virtues he possesses want their foundation, and cannot stand.

20.

There is nothing more useful or necessary than mental prayer: we should, therefore, be most careful to practice it well, and conceive a real affection for it.

21.

It is peculiar to the Spirit of God to act with meekness and love. The most certain method of succeeding in what we undertake is to take this Divine Spirit as our model.

22.

Neither philosophy, nor theology, nor all the reason in the world will have any effect on souls. It is necessary that Jesus Christ should act with us, and we with him. We must speak, as he spoke, and be in union with his spirit as he was united with God his Father. He preached only the doctrine which God his Father had taught him.

23.

There are no persons more firm and constant in any good work they have undertaken than those who are meek and placid. On the other hand those who are easily betrayed into anger are generally inconstant. They act through caprice and through natural motives.

24.

A superior should have recourse to God by prayer, not only when he is in

doubt and in embarrassing circumstances, but also to learn from God what he is to teach others. He should imitate Moses, who had taught the people only what he had heard from God.

25.

We understand much better what we are in sickness, than in health. We are happy if we can discover the treasure that is concealed in sickness.

26.

Mortification is necessary to acquire meekness, and to overcome the difficulties which we meet in the service of God.

27.

Prudence makes us act with attention and for the end that we should propose to ourselves. A prudent man performs his actions in the manner, at the time, and for the end that is suitable, but is, he performs them for God. Prudence guides him to the most proper means, and the surest way of attaining the end he has in view.

28.

In public discourses we should re-trench every thing that serves to make them more brilliant, and to attract greater applause. We should abstain from far-fetched thoughts and expressions. The heart in this makes a secret sacrifice that is most agreeable to Jesus Christ, who delights in true humility, and in simplicity of speech and action.

29.

God loves the poor, and consequently he loves those who have an affection for the poor. For, when we love any one very much we also love his friends and servants.

30.

The smallest feeling of envy for the good done by others is a sin directly opposed to pure and genuine zeal.

SUMMARY OF THE
CATHOLIC MISSIONS

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,

*Which are aided by the Institution for
the Propagation of the Faith.*

EUROPE.

Ionian Islands, 1 Archbishop, 1 Bishop, 20 Priests, 12,000 Catholics.—Kingdom of Greece, 1 Archbishop, 3 Bishops, 100 Priests, 23,000 Catholics.—Mold. Wallach. Servia, 1 Archbishop, 2 Bishops, 36 Priests, 71,000 Catholics.—Turkey, 5 Archbishops, 6 Bishops, 423 Priests, 278,000 Catholics. Total in Europe, 8 Archbishops, 12 Bishops, 579 Priests, 387,000 Catholics.

Besides these Missions, there are in Europe, 14 Vicariates Apostolic, and about 600 Bishoprics, which, added to the number given above, present a total of 634 Bishops, and 122,000,000 of Catholics.

ASIA.

WESTERN.—Anatolia, Cyprus, and Chio, 1 archbishop, 2 bishops, 54 priests, 12,000 Catholics.—Holy Land, 168 priests, 11,000 Catholics.—Vic. Apos. of Aleppo, 1 bishop, 200 Catholics.—Maronites, 8 archbishops, 2 bishops, 1100 priests, 500,000 Catholics. Melchites, 1 archbishop, 12 bishops, 180 priests, 50,000 Catholics.—Syrians, 2 archbishops, 4 bishops, 60 priests, 30,000 Catholics.—Armenians, 1 archbishop, 2 bishops, 100 priests, 40,000 Catholics.—Bishopric of Babylon, 1 bishop, 4 priests, 1,000 Catholics.—Chaldeans 5 archbishops, 5 bishops, 104 priests, 15,000 Catholics. Total, 16 archbishops, 29 bishops, 1770 priests, 159,200 Catholics.

CENTRAL.—Russia in Asia. 140

priests, 20,000 Catholics.—Tibet, 1 bishop, 1 Coadjutor, 13 priests, 8,000 Catholics.—Bengal, 1 bishop, 13 priests, 20,000 Catholics.—Bombay, 1 bishop, 1 coadjutor, 36 priests, 40,000 Catholics.—Madras, 1 bishop, 1 coadjutor, 11 priests, 100,000 Catholics.—Pondicherry, 1 bishop, 38 priests, 230,000 Catholics.—Ceylon, 1 bishop, 100 priests, 200,000 Catholics.—Malabar, 1 bishop, 1 coadjutor, 388 priests, 182,000 Catholics. Total, 7 bishops, 4 coadjutors, 739 priests, 800,000 Catholics.

EASTERN.—Indo-China, 5 bishops, 2 coadjutors, 206 priests, 432,000 Catholics.—China, 10 bishops, 4 coadjutors, 144 priests, 320,000 Catholics. Total, 15 bishops, 6 coadjutors, 350 priests, 752,000 Catholics.

Total of Asia, 89 bishops, 2,856 priests, and 2,211,000 Catholics.

AFRICA.

Algiers, 1 bishop, 25 priests, 74,000 Catholics. Tunis and Tripoli, 9 priests, 7,000 Catholics. Egypt, 2 bishops, 50 priests, 20,000 Catholics. Abyssinia, 3 priests, 100 Catholics.—Mauritius, 1 bishop, 6 priests, 85,000 Catholics.—Cape of Good Hope, 1 bishop, 4 priests, 2,000 Catholics. Total, 5 bishops, 97 priests, 188,100 Catholics.

Besides the missionary countries in Africa, the church has many bishoprics and numerous flocks along the coast and in the adjacent islands: 1. The Spanish possessions, with 3 Bishoprics, and 208,000 Catholics: 2. The Portuguese possessions, with 5 bishoprics, and 700,000 Catholics: 3. The French possessions, with 85,000 Catholics; 4. The bishopric of Tangiers; making the total of Africa, 14 bishoprics, and 1,181,000 Catholics.

Another mission has been established in Liberia, by Very Rev. Dr. Barron, late V. G. of the bishop of Philadelphia, in the United States, and a clergyman of the diocese of New York, now Bishop and V. c. Apost. of Guinea.

AMERICA.

United States, 21 bishops, 562 priests, 1,300,000 Catholics.—Texas, 1 bishop, 4 priests, 20,000 Catholics.—British Possessions, 8 bishops, 133 priests, 437,000 Catholics.—Dutch Possessions, 9 priests, 44,000 Catholics. Total, 30 bishops, 708 priests, 1,801,000 Catholics.

Besides the above missionary countries, we are to count: 1. Lower Canada, with 2 bishoprics and 500,000 Catholics; 2. French Colonies, with 4 Prefect. Apostolic and 240,000 Catholics; 3. Spanish Colonies, with 3 bishoprics and 1,000,000 Catholics; 4. Mexico, Guatemala and South America, with 44 bishoprics, and 23,000,000 of Catholics. Total for the New World, 74 bishoprics and 25,641,000 Catholics.

OCEANICA.

Prefecture Apostolic of Batavia, 4 priests, 1000 Catholics. Australia, 3 Bishops, 40 priests, 40,000 Catholics. Vicariate Apostolic of West Oceanica, 1 bishop, 16 priests, 1000 Catholics. Vicariate Apostolic of East Oceanica, 1 bishop, 16 priests, 4500 Catholics. Total—5 bishops, 76 priests, 46,500 Catholics.

Besides the above there are, 1. The Phillipine Islands, numbering 1,000 priests and 3,000,000 of Catholics; 2. The Portuguese Possessions, containing about 50,000 Catholics, making the total of Oceanica, 7 bishops, 1,200 priests, and 3,100,000 Catholics.

The number of Catholics throughout the world, at the lowest calculation,

cannot be rated less than 166,000,000. The number of bishops (including Coadjutor-Vicars-Apostolic) is about 818.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"Ave Maria! maiden mild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear—tho' from the wild
Thou canst save amid despair;
Ave Maria—stainless styled,
Foul demons of the earth and air
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair."

Sir Walter Scott.

Spotless Mary—Mother hail,
O! guard me with a mother's love;
As o'er life's darkened wave I sail,
Guide on the barque towards Heaven above.

Mary, when my heart oppress'd,
Sinks beneath dull earth's decar'd;
Then, bright Queen of Virgins, blest
My thoughts for solace mount to thee,

When I shed the bitter tear,
And every hope with gloom o'ercast,
Thine angel-whisper soothes mine ear:
With the sweet words—"it will not last."

When the passing sports of life,
Lure me from religion's track;
I sicken 'neath the busy strife,
And thy brightness wins me back.

When every moment sorrow brings,
I hear the music of the voice;
Exclaim—O! work for brighter things,
And thy soul will yet rejoice.

O sacred Queen! to thee I soar;
Teach me to love thy Son with truth:
Mother! blessed where pain is o'er,
Be thou the starlight of my youth.

Vain mocking worldlings scorn thy name
And o'er dead heroes trophies raise;
They deify each sin with fame,
Deriding thee, all worthy praise.

O Sacred Virgin lend thy aid,
Teach me to fly their faults and love
Thy purity, Celestial Queen,
For sake of Him who reigns above.

When death has marked me as his prey,
And mourning friends shed sorrow's tear;
And my last breath leaves mortal clay,
Let thy chaste spirit hover near.

Yes, thou shalt have my latest sigh,
Remember me—I am thine own;
Come from beyond the starry sky,
And wait me to thy Father's throne.

Song of the Catholic Missionaries.

OUR STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

On hearing Dr. Miley's Sermon on the Propagation of the Faith (in the Metropolitan Church, Marlboro' street) on 30th September, 1841.

Our Standard is the cross!—let us raise that
standard high,
While we anchor all our hopes in that home
beyond the sky;
We are not for earth! I ween—then we will not
yield to man,
But glory in a mighty cause—and fearless join
the van;
'Mid those who part from friends and home,
and seek a foreign strand,
Nor shed a tear, nor heave a sigh, to leave their
native land,
So like the gentle zephyr's breath, which
flings rich incense round,
We'll breath of peace where'er we pass and
make it hallowed ground;
We'll follow "Him" in word and will, from
whom our power was given,
And 'mid the savage horde we'll speak sweet
words of hope and heaven.

Our Standard is the Cross! a sacred badge to
wear
On burning sand and desert plains where ne'er
was murmured prayer;
To make in every breast a love—for "Him"
who died to save.
To raise the sinking heart—and smooth the
passage to the grave:
To whisper thoughts—*deep holy thoughts*—into
the listening ear,
To soothe the anguish of despair, and dry the
falling tear;

*These—these are truly noble works, and God will
be our aid,
And dauntless will we bear the scourge, and
scorn the crimson blade;
Yes, we will brave the rack—the wheel—
each deadly torture given,
For our Standard is the Cross! and our hope
and trust in Heaven.*

The Seven Words of Jesus on the
Cross.

FIFTH WORD.

"I THIRST."

John xix. 24.

Continued

But, O bitter portion, which Jesus has to drink! So many blind and hapless sinners, who regret his light and his knowledge! So many sinners who refuse to love him, and who die impenitent! So many souls that shall fall into hell in spite of all he has done to save, and purchase heaven for them, despite of his crucifixion, despite of his passion, despite of his love, despite of that *thirst* for their salvation, by which he is consumed! To have done so much for so many sinners, and to have done so much in vain! O incomprehensible torment! O sinner, sinner, how hard and insensible must be your heart! O God my Saviour, must you love me in such a manner as to have so scorching a thirst for my salvation! And shall I neglect you, shall I not think of you, shall I thus quench your thirst with vinegar and bitter gall? No, O Lord! far from me be the guilt of cruelty towards myself. O I wish, I wish at least to assuage your pains, by laboring for my own salvation. I desire at least to diminish your thirst, by giving you my soul to drink! And why can I not at

the same time present you with it the souls of all my brethren? Why can I not give you the whole world? O that I could thus feel and share in this divine thirst all the moments of my life? Oh, that I could experience it at the hour of my death! Yes, Lord, when I will have to submit in my turn to that sentence pronounced against all men, and even against yourself by your Father; when I shall have to die, not on a cross like you, not with my hands and feet pierced with nails (for that would be too glorious a punishment,) but on a bed of misery, exhausted with weakness, and perceiving beforehand my approaching dissolution; then when a cold sweat shall run down my shrivelled cheeks and perfume my countenance and my whole body; when the sigh of death shall circulate through all my veins, when I shall feel all my bones broken and dried like a potsherd; when my exhausted heart shall palpitate with pain; when my almost extinguished eyes will close upon themselves not being able to endure the faintest glimmering of light; when the dying sound of my livid and trembling tongue, will no longer be able to resound in my dull ear, the sweet delightful name of my Jesus: when in a word my soul shall be hardly retained within my lips, from which it is on the point of escaping—after having offered to the most high my sufferings and my sacrifice, after having united it to your divine sacrifice, may I remember, O Jesus, that I have one thing more to do; that is, to sigh after you, and after the bliss of seeing and possessing you: that is, to rally if possible my failing strength, to cry out with your prophet, or rather with yourself, 'My soul has *thirsted* after thy presence, O strong

and living God! When shall I go and appear before the face of my God?' (Ps. xli. 3.)

SIXTH WORD.

ALL IS CONSUMMATED.

John xix. 30.

Jesus has drunk the vinegar that was presented to him. Behold the accomplishment of all the oracles, and, with them, the fulfilment of all the ordinances of his Father; all the mysteries, all his sufferings, all his mission, all his work. The crime of man is expiated, the sanctity of God is avenged, his justice satisfied and his anger appeased. Death is destroyed, hell closed, heaven is open, and the children of his redemption are to enter it in succession after him. *All is consummated.* This word proceeded by way of applause from the mouth of God the redeemer, as it formerly did from that of God the creator, in having made the world, when he saw that every thing he made was good, and very good: *All is consummated.* O how sweet this word must have been to the mouth and the holy soul of our Saviour! After a whole life of humiliation and labour; after so many tribulations and sufferings, *all is consummated.*

Rejoice, therefore, divine Jesus! Rejoice with a joy that has cost you so dearly, and may the measure of consolation which delight your soul, equal and eternally surpass that of the afflictions which your heart has felt! For my part, who believe that I hear you reciting, with inward delight, that Psalm, whose commencement is a cry of sorrow, and whose end chaunts a victory, where you say, "I will de-

clare thy name to my brethren ; in the midst of the church will I praise thee. 'The poor shall eat the bread of their redemption and shall be filled, and they shall praise the Lord,—and my children shall serve him ;' (Ps. xxi.) when I reflect that I myself am one of those brethren, one of the members of this church, one of those poor, one of those children of whom you think, and to whom you announce before the *consummation* of redemption, an unspeakable joy likewise fills my soul and my mouth involuntarily to repeat with you, to congratulate you, O sweet Saviour, and to bless your tenderness, *all is consummated*.

But alas ! what have I said ? I can never pronounce on earth this word so sweet, which your lips have uttered. To my last moments my thoughts must be turned back upon the whole of my past sins, instead of having like you, all the designs and commandments of your Father accomplished, I shall behold nearly them all unworthily opposed and violated. What a sad *consummation* ! Ah ! at least I shall behold the term of my sins arrived, and their cause and their number arrested for ever, and that will be to me, O Lord, a great consolation and a great joy. At least protect me by the sweet remembrance of you, and full of confidence in your divine merits, in your perfect obedience, and your perfect atonement, I shall hope to say at last this ravishing word, *all is consummated*. This shall be when you shall please to introduce me to your wonderful tabernacle, and make me enter with you into the joy of your heavenly Father. Oh ! then may your redemption and your mercy being *consummated* in my behalf, *consummate* also, for

ever, my salvation and my bliss. Amen. Amen.

SEVENTH AND LAST WORD.

FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT.

Luke xxiii. 46.

Behold the last word of Jesus. St. Luke, who relates it, expressly adds, that in saying this he expired. It also appears that it was pronounced immediately, or at least a few moments after that which we have just considered, and with which it is entirely connected in sense. We may perceive this by the gospel of St. John, where we read, that after he had said, *all is consummated*, Jesus bowed down his head and gave up the ghost.

All is consummated—Father into thy hands I commend my spirit,

This word therefore being no more than a continuation of the preceding, is likewise to Jesus a word of consolation and joy, and as it were the cry of the consummation of his victory. Hence there is something remarkable in its being uttered with a loud cry, as we shall hereafter observe.

Father. Let us also greet with a cry of congratulation and love this sweet name that proceeds from the lips of our divine Saviour. The other words which he pronounced are also found in the royal prophet, who had said in the midst of his perils, *Into thy hands O Lord ! I commend my spirit.* (Ps. xxx.) But Jesus Christ in repeating them changes the title of invocation ; what he had not done at the *Fourth Word*, and instead of saying with David, *O Lord*, he says, *Father* ! because the Lord his God has again

become his Father, and it is in his paternal tenderness that he places all his confidence at the hour of death. For this reason *he committed his spirit into his hands*. What more certain or faithful depositary than a Father, and particularly when the soul of his Son is confided to his care? His Father therefore eagerly received this beloved soul, he carefully preserved it, and faithfully restored it at the appointed time, that is, on the day of his resurrection, by reuniting it to his body, to be never more separated from it.

It is thus the literal sense of this word is explained by the holy fathers and interpreters. St. Athanasius adds this simple but so admirable reflection that it is impossible to read it without experiencing the most delicious emotions. "When Jesus says on the cross, *Father into thy hands I commend my spirit*, we must behold in this spirit all men whom he has committed with himself to the bosom of his Father, and whom he commends to him that they may be vivified by and in this *spirit*. For we are his members, and this multitude of members that we are, form but one *body*, which is the church. It is therefore the entire faithful whom he recommends to God with his own soul."—Thus the great work of redemption is entirely achieved, and the Son of the Most High commits himself into the hands of his Father, because it was for him he had laboured, as if he said to him, 'Father, you have desired me to come and purify the world from its crimes. I have come and I have cleansed it in my blood. Receive me now and see whether the work I have performed be well done, whether the children of my redemption, being now cleansed in my purity, be worthy of you; accept them

and preserve them for ever in your love.'

O last word of Jesus! sweet word which it is impossible to call to mind without remembering the death and the divine love of our Saviour! Christians! let us imprint it on our memory and precious guard it as the monument of our deliverance, the foundation of our joy and hope during life, and as a pledge of peace and confidence at the hour of death. It was thus the church and the saints considered it. The church recites it daily in her office, when at the close of day, and of her prayer, she wishes to reveal to our mind, the termination of our life, and the moment when we shall pray to God for the last time. She particularly loves to recite it and to bring it to the recollection of God himself, when she recommends to him the soul of one of her expiring children. A St. Basil, a St. Lewis, and many other saints pronounced it when dying, and they were consoled in death. We should in imitation of their example pronounce it with our last breath.

You accept, O Lord, this last word, and this last sigh of your Son. In hearing his prayer, you have heard ours by anticipation, and accepted the deposit of our souls, by accepting the care of his. By raising him up on the third day, you have also by anticipation raised us. Accept beforehand likewise, the humble, but cordial tribute of our gratitude. We shall be more grateful, and have a better knowledge of your tender mercies, O Lord, in your glorious eternity.

We have already observed, as a remarkable circumstance in this LAST WORD, of the Man-God, that it was uttered with a loud cry, as the FOURTH. St. Luke assures us of this in express

terms: Jesus, says he, crying with a loud voice, said Father, &c. (xxii. 45.) This is the cry to which St. Matthew and St. Mark allude, when the former says, Jesus, crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost, (xxvii. 50.) and the latter. And Jesus having cried out with a loud voice, gave up the ghost. (xv. 37.) There is every reason to believe that St. Paul alludes to the same, in that passage of his epistle to the Hebrews, where we read that Christ, "offering up prayers and supplications with a strong cry and tears, to him that was able to save him from death, was heard for his reverence to his Father." (v. 7.) A valuable testimony by which we learn, that this loud cry was also accompanied by tears.

And what was the cause of this great cry, and these divine tears? In this, as well as in the **FOURTH WORD**, it proclaims all the intensity of those feelings which predominated in the soul of Jesus, at the hour of his death; but on that occasion, it was the intensity of his confusion and pain, whilst on this it is all the intensity of his love for God and men, of all the heroism of his devotion and sacrifice, all the joy which he feels for having saved us, all the fulness of his confidence in that God who is to raise him again to life, and to raise us up after him. It is, as we have already said, his cry of triumph at the consummation of his victory. But how could this exhausted victim acquire strength enough to make such a cry heard at his death? This is a prodigy, of which the centurion who presided at his punishment will explain us the cause. Before he yielded to that weakness which was caused by his sufferings, Jesus wished to shew us, that this weakness, as well as his death, was voluntary

He, therefore, by the power of the divinity which is in him, rallied his strength, in order to prove that we might know it was he who said, "No one taketh away my life, but it is I myself who lay it down;" (John x. 18.) he who "was to be sacrificed, because he willed it" himself, as was foretold by the prophet. (Isa. liii. 7.) He was anxious to shew that the victim about to be immolated, was a God.

This was the consequence drawn from it by the centurion, who on hearing this miraculous cry, openly said, "Truly this man was the Son of God." (Mark xv. 39.) It is also the consequence which we should draw from it, when we contemplate Jesus put to death for our sakes. What Jesus requires of us, is not that our hearts should be melted at his sufferings, but that they should profoundly adore the immense and incomprehensible love of a God, who designed to become man, that he might suffer and die for us. It is because he is a God, that we are healed by his wounds, that his cry reaches to heaven, and to God his Father's heart, and that both one and the other are opened to us. It is because he is a God that we should for ever acknowledge him as our Redeemer, our king, our master, our model, our hope, our future and immortal bliss.

As for your part, poor dying christian, if your faltering voice, instead of reviving, is only about to be hushed at your last moment, reanimate, ah! at least reanimate your love, and confide in this divine cry of your Saviour, who has opened for you the entire bosom of the Most High, and has excited within it an emotion of eternal tenderness for you, and your hope will not be founded.

Behold, O christian. behold your

God, fastened upon a cross! Contemplate his wounds, his blood, his death. His head is bowed down to kiss you, his heart is opened to love you, his arms are extended to embrace you; see his body, that priceless victim, exposed to redeem you. Meditate upon all his love! weigh it well in the balance of your heart, in order that it may be ever fixed in his heart, whose whole body was for your sake nailed and fastened to the cross.

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Propose to yourself in every thing you do, the glory of God; do every thing for his greater glory. ST. IGNATIUS.

Weep, mourn, and do not cease to implore the great mercy of God; when you reflect what you have been, what you are, and what you will be.

Be in the hands of those whom you ought to obey, like the staff of an old man, as a ball which is rolled at pleasure, as wax which is prepared to assume any form.

If you constantly obey with joy for God's sake, you will soon become perfect. ST. TERESA.

Serve God faithfully, and you may be as little afraid of devils as of flies.

No matter to what lengths your obedience extends, you will never be deceived.

You will attain every thing that you ask, through the intercession of St. Joseph.

Consider it a happy thing to suffer, when you reflect that you may honour and please God by your sufferings.

Often say: To suffer or to die.

Do not forget to sigh, every time you are obliged to take nourishment, you who have the honour of being fed with the bread of angels.

Cherish in yourself a great desire of imitating Jesus Christ, and act in all things as he acted.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Renounce all the pleasures of sense; like Jesus Christ do not desire to enjoy any other pleasure, save that of doing the will of your heavenly Father.

Practice yourself in suffering, in labor and in silence.

If you live without a guide or a director, you will resemble a solitary coal which soon loses its heat and is extinguished.

Pay no attention to the faults of others. Be silent through virtue, and entertain yourself affectionately with God.

Purify your heart well; purity of heart is what God particularly requires of you.

Constantly renew your hope in God, and believe that you will obtain as much as you hope for.

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